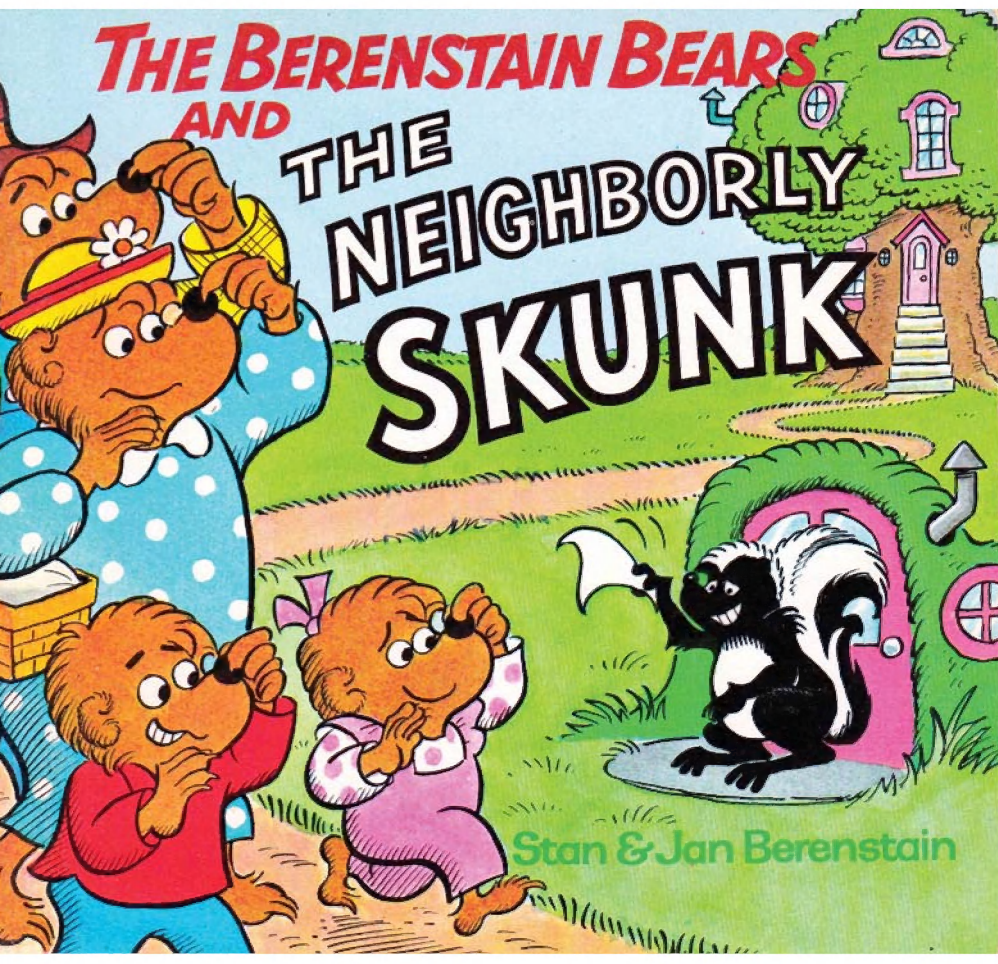


**THE BERENSTAIN BEARS**  
**AND**

**THE  
NEIGHBORLY  
SKUNK**




**Stan & Jan Berenstain**

# ***THE BERENSTAIN BEARS*** ***AND*** **THE** **NEIGHBORLY** **SKUNK**



**Stan & Jan Berenstain**

Random House  New York

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Manufactured in the United States of America 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

“Oh, look!” said Sister Bear. “Our neighbors, the woodchucks, are moving out of their burrow.” It was true. The woodchuck family, who had been good quiet neighbors for years, was moving out.





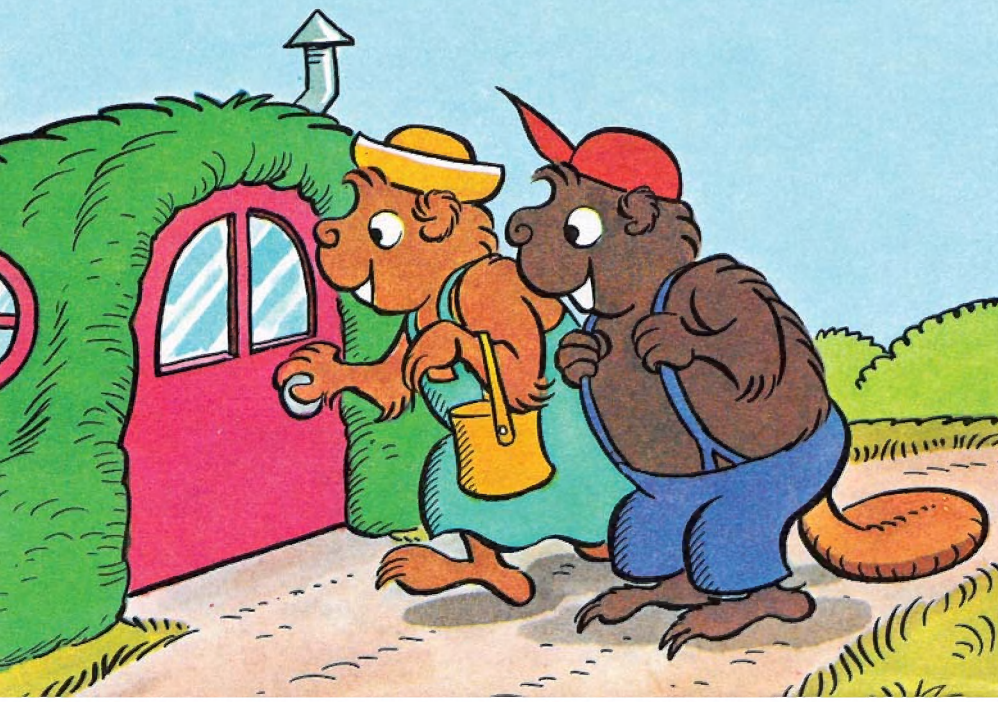
The Bear family waved good-bye to the woodchucks, who were moving to the far edge of Bear Country to be close to Mrs. Chuck's relatives. Sister looked at the empty burrow and wondered who might be moving in.



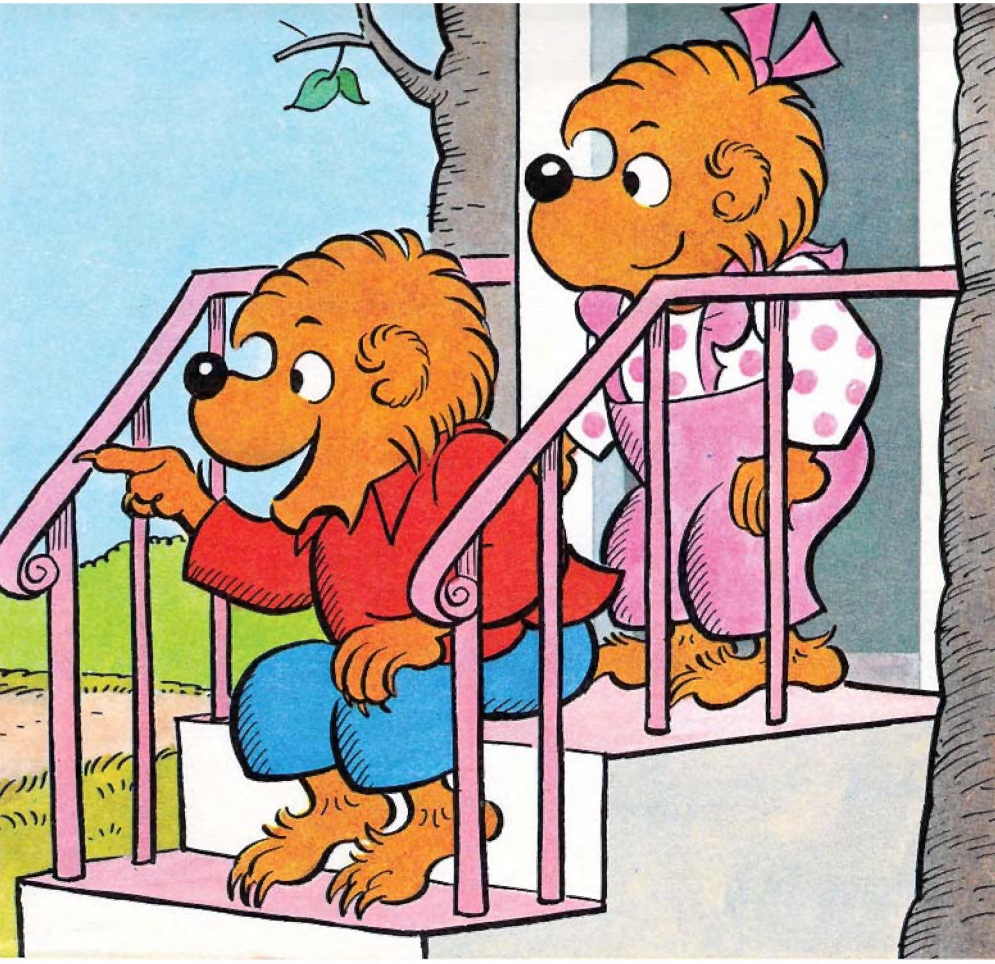




“Look! Some beavers!” said Brother a couple of days later. Indeed, a beaver couple was looking at the burrow.









“Beavers will make fine neighbors,”  
said Papa. “They are quiet and hardworking,  
and they are also great engineers.  
They do wonderful work with dams  
and streams.”

“Yes,” agreed the cubs. “Beavers will  
make very interesting neighbors.”



But the empty burrow *was* a little far from the nearest stream, so the beavers decided not to move in.

A family of bunnies came hopping along in search of a home.

“Oh, boy! Bunnies!” shouted Brother.  
“We’ll have fun playing with bunnies!”

“Oh, yes!” said Sister. “I do hope they move in!”





But the burrow was much too small for the growing bunny family, and they hopped away. Days and weeks passed. The burrow not only remained empty, but it also became overgrown with weeds. A tree was uprooted during a storm and fell across the front door.





Then one day, when the Bear family had pretty much forgotten about the empty burrow, Mama noticed that the “For Sale” sign was covered over with a “Sold” sign.

“I wonder who our new neighbor will be,” said the cubs.

They didn’t have to wonder long, because it turned out that their new neighbor was...



—*A SKUNK!*

“Oh, dear!” said Papa.

“What’ll we do?!” cried the cubs.

“What we will *do*,” said calm, cool  
Mama, “is give our new neighbor a  
friendly welcome and ask if we can help  
him in any way.”





Mr. Skunk was a pleasant, friendly little fellow despite his “strong” reputation, and he *was* in need of help. He especially needed help with the big heavy tree that was blocking his door.

Just as skunks are “strong” in their way, so bears are strong in theirs. Big strong Papa removed that tree in two shakes of a skunk’s tail.





The cubs and Mama pitched in and helped to clear away the creepers and vines. Pretty soon Mr. Skunk was all moved in.

“I certainly appreciate your help,” he said to the Bear family.

“That’s all right, Mr. Skunk,” said Brother.

“Yes,” added Sister. “Helping out is what good neighbors are for!”



But not all neighbors are good—not even in Bear Country. Too-tall Grizzly, who lived down the road, was a not-so-good neighbor. Sometimes, on the way to school, he and his gang teased Brother and Sister Bear.





Too-tall wasn't really a bad fellow, but he liked to show off for his gang, and that sometimes got him into trouble.

"You give Sister Bear back her books!" shouted Brother angrily. Too-tall had snatched Sister's books and was twirling them around his head.

"Give back those books!" shouted Brother again.

"Who's going to make me?" said Too-tall in a mean voice.



“I will!” said a small familiar voice. It was the voice of Mr. Skunk, who had been watching the goings-on from his burrow.

“Oh, yeah?” jeered Too-tall. “What can you do, you little...?”

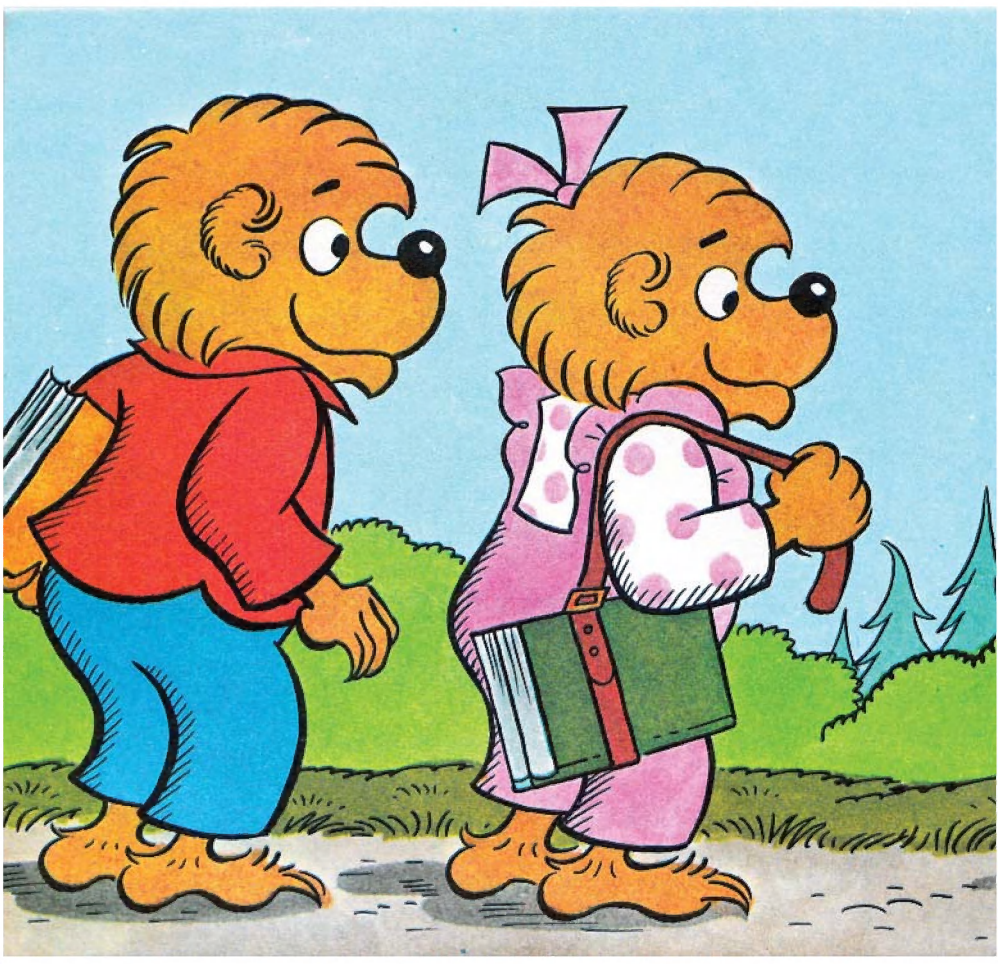




But before Too-tall could finish his smart-talk, Mr. Skunk had assumed the firing position and let Too-tall Grizzly have a short burst of his “strength” right between the nostrils. Too-tall dropped Sister’s books and he and his gang skedaddled as fast as they could.

“We certainly appreciate your help, Mr. Skunk,” said Sister Bear.





“Think nothing of it,” said Mr. Skunk. “After all—helping out is what good neighbors are for!”







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ISBN 0-394-86882-X

\$1.25

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